



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEWARK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1798.

NUMBER 12.

OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE WHOLESOMENESS OF  
POTATOES.

(Concluded.)

IF we consider all the properties of Potatoes, we shall be forced to acknowledge, that if there really exists a medicinal food, it is to be found in these roots. All the English authors who have spoken of potatoes, regard them as light and very nutritious. Ellis, who paid great attention to the culture of them, announces them as the food of all others most suitable to his countrymen, on account of their general practice of eating great quantities of flesh. Liguery, in his treatise on food, and Tissot, in his essay on the diseases of the people of fashion, agree in recommending strongly the use of potatoes. But I will select a few observations from the great number, of which I can answer for the truth, by way of reply to the objections that have been brought against potatoes.

M. Engel, in his instructions how to cultivate the potatoe, informs us that several of his friends who have lived three years almost on potatoes alone, experienced no inconvenience, and were far from being fatigued: among others he mentions a maiden lady 33 years of age who was in a bad state of health, that her appetite was quite gone, and her stomach incapable of digesting any thing when she happened to take a fancy to live on potatoes. She experienced such happy effects from this diet, as to recover her gaiety, plumpness, and appetite in a short time.

A merchant of a very strong constitution was so reduced by an illness of nine months continuance, that he voided his food just as he took it. One day he thought of eating potatoes, by which he was so much benefited, that he declared to me that the good state of health which he now enjoyed was owing to them alone.

I had a relation of keen appetite, and in the habit of using constant exercise: he could not eat the seeds of any leguminous plant without being afterwards tormented by the heart-burn, but found that potatoes never produced any such effect. I know some persons who live on milk and potatoes alone, not being able to digest any other food: I am acquainted with others who have been cured of a scorbutic taint by the moderate use of potatoes; their stomach, so far from being weakened, acquired greater strength and vigor.

These observations, which might easily be multiplied, and which are confirmed by my analysis of potatoes, prove how far these roots ought to be exempted from all suspicion of lying heavy on the stomach of those who use them for food, since every pound contains 11 1-2 ounces of water, and the 4 1-2 ounces of solid parts remaining, afford scarce a drachm of earth.

Another objection still subsisting in force against the wholesomeness of Potatoes, is that as they belong to the family of solanum, they must needs possess narcotic properties, but experience has long since shewn how little such botanical analogies are to be depended on. Is it not well known that the family of convolvulus which is in general acrimonious, pungent, and caustic, and supplies medicine with its most drastic purgatives, affords, in the battata a mild saccharine aliment, which to be used for food, needs only to be boiled? It is indeed true that some observations with which I have been favored, seemed to shew a suppurific virtue in the potatoe; and as I have no interest in concealing any thing, I will set them on here.

A domestic of the baron de St. Hilaire, after a malignant fever, could not recover his sleep; his master ordered him to sup on potatoes; and that very night he slept six hours without intermission. The continuance of the same practice produced the same effect, without causing any change in his constitution.

Mr. M. of a meagre habit, but of an uninterrupted good state of health, during two years made a constant use of roasted potatoes, seasoned with a little butter and salt; having been always before accustomed to eat very sparingly at his evening meal, he acquired from relish the habit of eating six or seven of the largest potatoes for supper. It is proper to remark that he eat bread in proportion: he never experienced any inconvenience from this practice; but what induced him to abandon it was, that being obliged to rise early, he supposed that his sleep was more profound, and that he awaked with greater difficulty; he however thinks that the effects arose from the excess, and that he should have experienced the same thing from any other supper, exceeding the bounds of moderation. When he eats potatoes he is not sensible of any change in his state of body.

I adduce this last observation with the greatest pleasure, because the philosopher who is the subject of it, may be quoted as an authority in medicine. If excess in this food induce sleepiness, what other excess would not be attended with more pernicious consequences? If we even suppose this suppurific virtue to be inherent in the potatoe, continual use will make it quite ineffectual, as it happens to all kinds of aliment, which have been supposed, on no better grounds to possess particular properties. The quantity of water contained in potatoes may moderate the effervescence of the blood, by giving it a greater degree of consistence, but without rendering it at the same time more viscid.

The property which of all other renders the potatoe so valuable in the country is, according to the testimony of the faculty of medicine at Paris, its improving the quality and increasing the quantity of the milk of animals. It produ-

ced this effect on the nurses of the poor infants of the parish of St. Roch; at least the physicians of this parish, in their printed certificate, attest this food is not only more wholesome than any other procurable by the poor, but likewise that it prevents many diseases to which children are subject, and by which great numbers are cut off, such as ulcers, diseases of the eyes, atrophy, &c.

THE HISTORY OF THE OLD MAID, AS WRITTEN  
BY HERSELF.

REVIEWING the past scenes of my life (which indeed is a gloomy task) I am amazed when I consider what a train of evils has ran through my whole life; arising from some circumstances, apparently very trifling.

I was born of a good family, was blessed with good natural abilities, and had as tender and indulgent parents as ever nourished a tender infant. Their excessive fondness for their children was perhaps the root and fundamental evil, from which all the subsequent errors of my life originated. My parents, ever anxious for my present happiness, would not suffer me to do any thing, which could give me a momentary pain; little aware of the destructive consequences of educating children without any knowledge of business, or any habits of industry.

The first and great error of my life, therefore, or rather of my parents, was a false notion which I early imbibed, that it was disreputable for a young lady of any rank, to be employed in domestic avocations, or to have the reputation of being industrious. I considered that hand labour of any kind, except the needle, belonged to those whose indigent circumstances would not permit them to live without it.—This idea however was more pernicious than I imagined. For the observation is as true as it is old that whom the devil finds idle he always employs. Having no steady business to engage my attention, to excite laudable ambition and to call forth the powers of the mind; I insensibly fell into a state of idleness, dissipation and pleasure.

As the mind of man, and especially of a woman cannot remain entirely inactive, I soon betook myself to the reading of novels, of which I soon grew excessively fond—indulged myself till the midnight lamp was extinguished and then slept in the morning. Thus I acquired a romantic turn. Every thing I carried beyond nature—affected an extreme delicacy, and an unnaturally keen sensibility. My manner of life, and the novels which I perused, soon taught me to play the Coquette, and to divest myself of plain, simple dealing. My sincerity was doubted, and men were afraid of an intimacy, fearing some trick would be played them.—Thus I gradually lost that honest simplicity,



that open frankness, which is the unerring index of an innocent and uncorrupted heart.

Trusting to property for a recommendation, I felt myself above most of my neighbours; and when any of my sex were caressed more than myself, I endeavoured to depress their excellence, not by open defamation, but by sly hints, and half unfinished sentences, which implied much more than was expressed. My conduct to the men, was no less exceptionable. I was sometimes affectionately fond of one man and sometimes of another; and what is worse, I made no distinction between virtuous and vicious, principled and unprincipled, men; if they were but polite and heroic—men who possessed much of the Quixotic spirit. If it so happened that a coldness subsisted between me and my lover, I failed not to improve every opportunity, both public and private, to depress him in the view of the world; although it sometimes unfortunately happened, that I had a few days before discarded, to some of my sex, largely of his excellence and merits. If in any public assembly, I was not pleased with my partner, I regarded not the rules of politeness; and with a haughty disdaining air, denied him my hand.

Thus I displeased many by my private airs of Coquetry, and more by my public marks of contempt.

But this was not all. I was so excessively fond of pleasure parties, public balls, and theatrical entertainments, that I do not recollect, but once, to have declined an invitation to participate these scenes of pleasure; although I spent more than half my time in this manner. Nay more: When any party was on foot, and I found that I was not like to have an invitation, I never failed to give such hints as would soon oblige the gentlemen to present themselves in a suppliant posture, with a multitude of groundless apologies. This error I fell into, not from a malignity of heart, but from a mistaken idea, that theatres and public assemblies, were the most proper places for a woman to display her charms and excellence. But unfortunately too late! I am of a very different opinion. This scene of female dissipation and *rotine* of pleasure, entirely unfitted me for any thing that was rational or serious: and when I arrived to years of maturity, sad to relate! I was totally unfit for a wife or a mother. Being under no controul when young, I followed my own fancy in every matter; and thinking it disreputable to be seen employed in any domestic business (for I imagined that such servile offices ought to be performed by none but hired maids) I acquired such a distrelsh for every thing but amusements and polite accomplishments, that I seldom left my drawing-room, unless to pay a visit, or join in some party of pleasure. And I am confident that if I had been so happy, or rather unhappy, as to have married when I was about twenty, I should have made a very awkward figure at the head of a family.

All my knowledge consisted in romance which was always my darling theme—in poetry, music, dancing, drawing and the like, all which are elegant accomplishments and are by no means to be despised, when they take their proper place. The only error, was my carrying them to excess; and supposing that these tinsel ornaments and outside polish, were the only objects worthy of the attention of a lady. Not considering that polish put upon objects destitute

of solid, internal, qualities, soon tarnishes and makes a beggarly appearance.

Such was my situation and such my habits; and what man in his sober senses, would wish to be connected with such a character as I have given you of myself. Men in general, have sagacity enough to distinguish between a *doll*, and a woman of smartness, activity and industry.—There is in all families a medium employment between the drudgery of the kitchen and that round of dissipation which I unfortunately pursued. How can a woman better answer the end of her creation, than by assisting her husband in the management of his family? and how can she assist him, if she is unacquainted with the concerns of a family? and how can she be acquainted with the concerns of a family, if she has been always reading novels, or engaged in some party of pleasure? This is not, as you may imagine, the reasoning of disappointed ambition; it is the reasoning of sober reflection. For a thousand living monuments now testify to the truth of my observations. How many living dolls are degenerated into old maids! while most of the industrious part of my sex, whom I once thought unworthy of my notice, are now settled in connubial felicity.

Thus I have given a short history of my life: and if my sad example deters my sex of succeeding generations from falling into the like errors, I shall think that I have not lived wholly in vain, and, with this pleasing reflection shall close my eyes on all sublunary objects.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

#### CURIOUS RECEIPT.

*The following is a copy of an original Receipt Actually Given for Rent on Christmas-Day, 1762.*

RECEIVED this anniversary day of Christ's nativity, according to vulgar chronology, December 25, new stile in the 62d year of the XVIIIth century of the Christian era, Synchronizing or coinciding with the 6475th year of the Julian period: the 2870th from the foundation of the truly ancient city of London, the second year of the 635th olympiad; the 2515th year from the building of the ancient city of Rome; the 2511th year of Nabonazar, or the 2087th year of the Philippic epocha, on Saturday the 9th day of the Egyptian wandering month Phamenoth; the 1817th year and 10th day from Julius Caesar's invasion of England; the 1497th year of the Dioclesian radix, or era of the Coptic Martyrs; the 18th of the fixed Egyptian month Chæac; the 1176th year of the Turkish Hegira, or flight of Mahomet; the 8th day of the month Guimadi II. two years and 61 days from the accession of King George III. to the Crown of Great-Britain, &c. 54 days after a lunar partial eclipse, which fell out in the 2511th year of Nabonazar; on Monday the 15th day of the wandering month Tybi, at the interval or distance of 2484 Egyptian years and 106 days, or 2482 Julian years, and 216 days from the most ancient lunar eclipse, recorded by Ptolemy to have been celebrated at Babylon the 27th of Thoth, in the 27th year Nabonazar. and in the 1st year of the reign of Mardokemrad, the 5th Chaldean King, (in Scripture stiled Merodach-Baladan the son of Baladon, King of Babylon) of Mr. J. G. of W—, in the county of Middlesex, Comedian, by the hands of Mr. J. B. K. journeyman wheel-right in the presence of Mr. J. P. one piece of gold coin, being the

lawful coin of this realm of Great-Britain, called half-a-guinea, of the value of ten shillings and sixpence, in full for 43 days and 12 hours rent, due to me this day, for two rooms next the firmament lately in my tenure and occupation, in the dwelling house of Mr. R. W. situated in B— in the parish of St. James's Clerkenwell, in the County aforesaid, and in full of all demands from the creation of the world to this moment.

Per me. D. C. Teacher of Chronology.  
Witness G. P.

(under the receipt.)

Memorandum.—This Receipt was exhibited and the signatures of Mr. D. K. acknowledged before me this 25th December, 1762.

J. C. Notary Public.

#### SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

I RECOLLECT a pretty story, which in the Talmud of Gemara, some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this Monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private scholar generally passes his life in obscurity, and posterity (a solitary consolation) spreads his name to the most distant regions. But when a king is a student, the case is reversed. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, or more probably, urged by the insatiable curiosity of the female, visited this potent king at his own court, with the sole intention of *asking him questions*. The Rabbin cannot inform me, if her examination of the monarch was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reason to suspect that they frequently retired, for the solution of many a hard problem, to the philosophic solicitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means to make this work (as Lord Lyttleton answered to a curious female concerning his history) 'a vehicle for antiquated scandal.'

It is sufficient, that the incident I now relate passed as Solomon sat surrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive Sheba; In each hand, she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural the other of artificial flowers. Art in the labor of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of nature, so that at the distance it was held by the Queen for the inspection of the King, it was deemed impossible for him to decide (as her question imported) which wreath was the natural, and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet to be vanquished, though a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David—who had written treatises on the vegetable productions "from the Cedar to the Hyssop" acknowledged himself outwitted by a woman, with threads of paper and glazed painting! The honor of the Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the King; and, it must be confessed, worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of Bees hovering about the window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened, the Bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins shook their beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had



more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.  
This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasant moral; that the bee only rests on natural flowers, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however inimitably the colours may be imitated.

#### A MOST AFFECTING FACT.

Ugolino, a Florentine count, had been imprisoned with his four children, by the archbishop Ruggieri, and after his deliverance, thus relates the horrors of his prison.

"The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat; but instead of seeing any food, I heard the doors of that horrible dungeon more closely barred. I behold my little children in silence, and could not weep. My heart was petrified. The little ones wailed; and my dear Anselm said, *Padre mio, che hai? Father, you look upon me, what ails you?* I could neither weep nor answer, and continued swallowed up in silent agony all that day, and the following night even till the dawn of day.

As soon as a glimmering ray darted through the gloomy prison, that I could again see those faces, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands, with grief and rage.

"My children, believing I did this through weakness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up, said to me, my father! our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us. I restrained myself, that I might not increase their misery.

"We were all silent that day and the following.

"The fourth day being come, Gaddo falling extended at my feet, cried, *Padre mio, che non ajuto?* My father, why do you not help me? and died!

"The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day famished as thou wilt see now. And I being seized with blindness began to go groping upon them with my hands and feet, and continued calling upon them by their names three days after they were dead; then hunger vanquished my grief."

There is not perhaps in the compass of human composition, any tale of more genuine and natural pathos. And on hearing such a recital, who can help rejoicing, that the monster, which hath so long rioted on the sorrows of mankind, is to all appearance, at this moment, in its last agonies? May the extreme pang which is forever to rid the world of so great a curse, speedily to arrest it, and the song of deliverance be sung by the whole human race.

\* The Hierarchy.

#### NEWARK, MAY 5.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

D. FRASER, of New-York, author of the Young Gentleman and Lady's Assistant, Columbian Monitor, &c. has just published a collection of "Select Biography, or the Bulwark of Truth;" being a sketch of the lives and testimonies of many eminent Laymen, who have professed their belief in, and attachment to, the Christian Religion—whether distinguished as Statesmen, Patriots, Philosophers, &c. to which are prefixed two letters to Thomas Paine, con-

taining some important Queries and remarks relating to the probable tendency of his Age of Reason.

Whence, but from Heaven, should men unskill'd in arts,

In different nations born, in different parts—Weave such agreeing truths? Or how? Or why? Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie? Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice, Starving their gains, and martyrdom their price.

DRYDEN.

Encomiums upon new works are so frequently the production of the Authors themselves, that the public in general pay but little regard to them; it is therefore disagreeable to a disinterested individual, to offer an opinion, as the greatest part of its readers will give him no credit for his sincerity. I am however induced, from a regard to private merit and general utility, to hazard the imputation of selfish motives, and recommend to the perusal of every ingenious person, a work lately published, entitled "Select Biography, or the Bulwark of Truth;" being well assured that the excellence of the selection, the entertainment it affords, and the worthy object it is calculated to promote, will sufficiently warrant my opinion.—The reader is here presented with the brightest examples of christianity, in men of the most genius and fame; and while he is entertained with a Biographical account of distinguished characters, he finds his heart warmed with the love of virtue, and his soul lighted up by the flame of philanthropy. No prejudices here cloud the fair picture of truth and religion, but christianity appears in that beautiful simplicity which has ever been her greatest ornament.—The deistical tenets of the author of the Age of Reason are ably refuted, and to mild, yet pointed, arguments, is added the strong language of FACTS—facts which, to a candid mind, clearly evince the superiority of VIRTUE, and shew in a striking manner, the difference between a specious system of infidelity and the pure doctrines of the christian religion. In short, regarding this work as calculated to correct the licentious principles so artfully endeavoured to be circulated by some modern authors, I shall be pleased if through the medium of your valuable paper, it may be introduced to the notice of my fellow-citizens.

##### MARRIAGES.

*Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,  
And Venus still the happy union bless;  
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth,  
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.*

On Wednesday evening the 18th inst. at Elizabeth-Town, Mr. PATERSON, of New-York, to Miss LOUISE D'HART, of that place.

At Connecticut Farms, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. FISH, Mr. MOSES MOONEY, aged 18, to Miss RHODA SAYRES, aged 41, both of that place.

##### THE MORALIST.

"Ab hoc momento pendat eternitas."

Eternity depends on every moment.

TIME, the devourer of all things, is swiftly passing to boundless eternity; and in its passage bears down all things that are visible. Human life, however supported by wealth and honor; guarded by natural and acquired abilities; and braced by a firm constitution, must yield to its impetuous advances. In the division of life

(says Seneca) there is time past, present and to come. What we do is short; what we shall do is doubtful; what we have done is certain, and out of the power of fortune. There is no recall of time; the improvement is of material importance to us.—Moral virtues are essential to secure a peaceable reflection at a serious period, when time shall pronounce its solemn valediction upon us, and plunge us into the unfathomable Ocean of Eternity, where human comprehension must drop her wings, being inadequate to a description.

#### HYMN.

"CHILD of reason, whence comest thou? what has thine eye observed, and whither have thy feet been wandering?

"I have been wandering along the meadows, in thick grass. The cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade; the corn sprung up in the furrows; the poppy and the harebell grew among the wheat; the fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty."

"Didst thou see nothing more? Didst thou observe nothing beside?—Return again, child of reason for there are greater things than these. God was among the fields, and didst thou not perceive him? his beauty was upon the meadows; his smile enlivened the sunshine."

"I have walked through the thick forest; the wind whispered among the trees; the brook fell from the rock with a pleasant murmur; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough; and the birds sung to each other amongst the branches."

"Didst thou hear nothing but the murmur of the brook? No whispers, but the whispers of the wind? Return again child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was amongst the trees; his voice sounded in the murmur of the water; his music warbled in the shade; and didst thou not attend?"

"I saw the moon rising behind the trees; it was like a lamp of gold. The stars one after another, appeared in the clear firmament. Presently I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south; the lightning streamed in thick flashes over the sky; the thunder growled at a distance: it came nearer, and I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible."

Did thy heart feel no terror but of the thunder bolt? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning? Return, O child of reason for there are greater things than these.—God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive him? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge him?

"God is in every place; he speaks in every sound we hear; he is seen in all that our eyes behold: nothing, O child of reason, is without God—let God, therefore, be in all our thoughts."

##### A CURIOUS FORM OF PRAYER.

A DEVOUT Spaniard conceiving that he ought to use other prayers in his private devotions, besides the Pater Nosters and Ave Marie—not knowing how to form any other prayer he used every morning to kneel down, lift up his eyes and hands to Heaven, and deliberately to repeat all the letters in the alphabet, which having done, he added—and now, O good God, put these letters together, that they may spell syllables—that the syllables may make words, and the words so joined, as that they may be most to thy glory and my good.



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

### ON SPRING.

**S**WEET Spring with vivifying charms appears,  
And earth once more a pleasing aspect wears:  
The ground long cloathed with snow and beat  
With rain,  
With verdure crowned, reanimates the swain;  
The sun refulgent, beams with tenfold charms,  
He heats the earth and all her bowels warms;  
Refreshing show'rs supply the thirsty earth,  
And animating, give to plants their birth:  
The flowing streams which icy fetters bound,  
Thro' distant vales in murmurs now resound;  
The trees long stript of all their beauteous green,  
Put forth their leaves and form a pleasing scene;  
Some opening flowrets decorate the fields,  
The garden smiles, and richest fragrance yields.  
The sailor us'd to plough the raging seas,  
Enjoys with safety the sweet vernal breeze;  
No howling tempest or rude billows roar  
Disturb his peace or threaten danger more.  
The farmer joyous yokes his sturdy steers,  
And prancing horses tackles in the geers;  
Whilst with his plough he breaks the stubborn  
soil,  
He seems delighted with his daily toil:  
The lowing cattle and the neighing steed,  
The farmers care, which from his hands were fed,  
Confin'd in stalls to shun the winter's blast,  
And forc'd on hay to make a dry repast,  
Now roam at large and graze the verdant hills,  
And drink the stream which thro' the valley rills:  
The bleating flocks, when shivering with cold  
And beat with hail, for shelter sought the fold;  
Now all alike kind Nature's blessing share,  
Whilst shepherds make them their peculiar care.  
The tender lambs now briskly skip and play,  
Nor fear the wolf tho' greedy for his prey:  
The little birds which to some southern clime  
Betook their flight to spend the winter-time,  
Are now returned, and all the feather'd throng  
Prepare their nests in which to rear their young:  
The little warblers swell their downy throats,  
And charm the ear with their delightful notes—  
The harmless dove alone doth set and coo,  
And seems to soothe the heart depress'd with woe.  
The busy bee, which long hath been confin'd  
Within his hive safe from the searching wind,  
With wings expanded suddenly now flies  
To some rich flow'r which soon his thirst supplies.  
The little ant has spent her winter's store,  
Now leaves her cell and fondly seeks for more.  
The subtle serpent from his hole hath run,  
To feel the rays of the enliv'ning sun—  
Man too is charm'd, with pleasure does survey  
The brilliant beauties of each op'ning day,  
He feels his breast with heavenly ardor fir'd,  
Whilst he beholds how rich the earth's attir'd,  
He views God's works with great, but sweet  
surprise,  
Whilst worlds on worlds in solemn order rise—

In short, all nature smiles in every thing,  
And boasts the exceeding beauties of the spring.  
The Earth late waste, now forms a pleasing  
scene,  
And charming nature lovely smiles again.

JUVENUS.

Newark, May 1.

*The following stanzas, recently written by the celebrated genius and traveller, Governor HENRY ELLIS, on seeing an infirm old man, treated by a young rabble with indecent mockery in the street, at Pisa in Italy (a country where every inanimate vestige of antiquity is viewed with so much veneration,) have been translated abroad into French and Italian.*

THE mould'ring tower, the antique bust,  
The ruin'd temple's sacred dust,  
Are view'd with rev'rence and delight—  
But man decay'd, and sunk with years,  
And sad infirmities, appears  
An object of neglect and flight!

Ah! thoughtless race, in youthful prime  
You mock the ravages of time,  
As if you could elude its rage!  
That piteous form which you despise,  
With wrinkled front and beamless eyes—  
That form, alas! you'll take with age.

Some vital sparks, that every day  
Time's rapid pinion sweeps away,  
Prepare you for that hapless state,  
When left and slighted in your turn,  
Your former levities you'll mourn,  
And own the justice of your fate.

### FRIENDSHIP.

BLEST be the power, that mingles soul with  
soul,

Each joy to heighten, and each pang controul!  
Blest be the power, unwelcome care that kills,  
And robs Pandora's box of half its ills!  
Blest be the power, that gives to life its wealth,  
And adds new flushes to the cheek of health!

Unknown the intercourse of man with man,  
When in wild woods the wanton savage ran.  
For mutual aid, societies were form'd;  
And social compact into friendship warm'd:  
With one design, the arts of peace were taught;  
With one firm soul contending heroes fought.  
But now, primeval friendship's general glow,  
How few the souls, the kindred souls, that know!  
The man whom chance from humbler station  
lifts,

Whose merits are but fickle fortune's gifts—  
That man has friends; but if mad fortune frown,  
To foes turn friends, to slander turn renown.  
So wav'ring is the friendship of the day,  
With wealth it lives, with want it dies away.  
But when the seeds in virtuous soil are sown,  
They warm, they shoot, they flourish there alone.  
Time turns the wheel, that brings centuries  
round;

In the same state the human race is found;  
The frightful flag of war is still unfurl'd,  
And the world's havoc still delights the world.  
Why burns the bosom still with martial fires?  
More sweet's the rapture that kind peace inspires.  
Why lie the slaughter'd heroes on the field?  
Why will not men the sword of reason wield?  
A sword of temper mild, from rust secure,  
That will from age to age the same endure.  
O grant kind heav'n that men may live in peace;  
That animosities and foes may cease;  
Nor let the ball of empire cease to roll,  
Till earth's grand family become one soul.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

I OBSERVED, in No. 10, of the Rural Magazine, a piece entitled, "Transposed Letters for the amusement of the Ladies," which was jumbled together in such a manner that old Grandmother could make no sense of it but threw it by in a pet, declaring it was nothing but a bundle of nonsense; now having a little smattering in the occult sciences, I took my puzzling stick, and after pushing and pulling the composition about awhile, out popped a young Lady, named, ANN HUNTER, may be seen by joining the initial letters of the following poetic lines, in the

Proper order of the "Transposed letters for Amusement of the Ladies," which appeared No. 10, of the Rural Magazine:

### VERSES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

ATTENTIVE read, and learn this certain truth  
Nothing like virtue shines in female youth;  
Nor form, nor charms alone can hearts engage  
Heaven smiles propitious on the virtuous fair  
Unrival'd you the rough pursuit may run,  
Nor fail to charm, when youth and beauty's gone  
To wish you less I scorn, tho' oft I say,  
Engag'd in talk a quite contrary way,  
Reason then sleeps, her voice I now obey.

### THE BACHELOR.

THE dry, dull, drowsy Bachelor surveys  
Alternate joyless nights and lonesome days;  
No tender transports wake his fullen breast,  
No soft endearments hush his cares to rest;  
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,  
Lost on his own sad self he lives and dies.

Not so the man, to whom indulgent heaven  
That tender bosom friend, a wife has given,  
Him blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,  
No secret checks of guilt his joys alloy:  
No husband wrong'd, no virgin's honour spoil'd,  
No tender parent weeps his ruin'd child.

No bad disease, nor false embrace is here,  
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere;  
Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove  
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love  
Or doth it frown, with one, whose soft'ning art  
Will ease your own, and bear a willing part.

A Lady having received a bouquet from a Lover sent him the following lines:

NEXT your dear image in my breast  
Your fancied flowers I fondly plac'd,  
But mourn my adverse fate,  
Who, by compulsive atoms hurl'd,  
Was forc'd so soon into this world,  
Where you arriv'd too late.

### THE ANSWER.

PERMIT me, dear madam, to tell you you're  
err'd,  
In this hardy censure on fate,  
Which tho' my arrival is somewhat deferr'd,  
By no means has sent me too late.  
Here Providence wisely has acted his part,  
Well knowing, or I'm much mistaken,  
That women, however they may have the start  
Would willingly be overtaken.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.